

*Ape.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow. When thou art *Timon's* dogge, and these *Knaues* honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them *Knaues*, thou know'st them not?

*Ape.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Ape.* Then I repent not.

*Iew.* You know me, *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

*Tim.* Whether art going?

*Ape.* To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt dye for.

*Ape.* Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

*Tim.* How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it.

*Ape.* He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

*Pain.* Yare a Dogge.

*Ape.* Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* No: I eate nor Lords.

*Tim.* And thou should'st, thou'd'st anger Ladies.

*Ape.* O they eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Ape.* So, thou apprehend'st it.

Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this Jewell, *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* Nor so well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast a man a Doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

*Ape.* Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

*poet.* How now Philosopher?

*pe.* Thou lyest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Ape.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lye not.

*Ape.* Art not a Poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Ape.* Then thou lyest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast segn'd him a worthy Fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*Ape.* Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

*Tim.* What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What thy selfe?

*Ape.* I.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Ape.* That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.]

Art not thou a Merchant?

*Mer.* I *Apemantus*.

*Ape.* Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

*Mer.* If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

*Ape.* Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*

*Tim.* What Trumpets that?

*Mes.* 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship; and more than can be said.

*Tim.* Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs. You must needs dine with me: go not you hence. Till I haue thank you: when dinners done

Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your fights.

*Enter Alcibiades with the rest.*

Most welcome Sir.

*Ape.* So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst these sweet *Knaues*, and all this Curtesie. The straine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

*Alc.* Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures.

Pray you let vs in.

*Enter two Lords.*

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* Time to be honest.

1. That time seruies still.

*Ape.* The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* Feast.

*Ape.* I, to see meate fill *Knaues*, and Wine heat fooles.

2. Farthee well, farthee well.

*Ape.* Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2. Why *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane

to giue thee none.

1. Hang thy selfe.

*Ape.* No I will do nothing at thy bidding:

Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2. Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence.

*Ape.* I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Ass.

1. Hee's opposite to humanity.

Comes shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timon's* bountie: he out-goes

The verie heart of kindnesse.

2. He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold

Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes

Seuen-fold about it selfe: No guift to him,

But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding

All vse of quittance.

1. The Noblest minde he carries,

That euer govern'd man.

2. Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?

Ile keepe you Company.

*Exeunt.*

*Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.*

A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord *Timon*, the

States, the Athenian Lords, *Ventigius* which *Timon* re-

deem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all *Apemantus* discontentedly like him selfe.

*Ventig.* Most honoured *Timon*,

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,

And call him to long peace:

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound

To your free heart, I do returne those Talents

Doubled with thanks and seruice, from whose helpe

I deri'd libertie.

*Tim.* O by no meanes,

Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,

*I gaue*

I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none

Can truly say he giue, if he receiues:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

*Vint.* A Noble spirit.

*Tim.* Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuic'd at first

To let a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,

Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

*Ape.* Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

*Tim.* O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

*Ape.* No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.

*Tim.* Fie, th'art a churle, ye haue got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:

They say my Lords, *trafuror breuis est*,

But yond man is verie angrie.

Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:

For he does neither affect companie,

Nor is he fit for't indeed.

*Ape.* Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,

I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,

therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,

prythee let my meate make thee silent.

*Ape.* I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I

should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number

of men eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieues me

to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and

all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Me thinks they should enuie them without knives,

Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,

now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in

a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas

beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to

drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes

dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harness

on their throates.

*Tim.* My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

*Ape.* Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keeps his

tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state

looke ill, *Timon*.

Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,

Honest water, which nere left man i'th' mire:

This and my food are equals, ther's no ods,

Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

*Apemantus* Grace.

Immortal Gods, I craue no pelfe,

I pray for no man but my selfe,

Graunt I may neuer prone so fond,

To trust man on his Oath or Bond.

Or a Harlot for her weeping,

Or a Dogge that seemes sleeping,

Or a keeper with my freedom,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

*Amen.* So fall too't:

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus* he

*Tim.* Captaine,

*Alcibiades*, your hearts in the field now.

*Alc.* My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,

then a dinner of Friends.

*Alc.* So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no

meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Ape.* Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies

then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,

that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might

expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our

selues for euer perfect.

*Tim.* Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods

themselves haue provided that I shall haue much helpe

from you: how had you bene my Friends else. Why

haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not

you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of

you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in

your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh

you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if

we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most

needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for

'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments

hung vp in Cases, that keepe there sounds to them-

selves. Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that

I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene-

fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,

then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-

fort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding

one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't

can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks

to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

*Ape.* Thou weep'st to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,

And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

*Ape.* Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

*Ape.* Much.

*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with*

*Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.*

*Tim.* What means that Trumpe? How now?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies

Most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wills?

*Ser.* There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,

which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.*

*Cup.* Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of

his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee

their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful

bosome;

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

*Tim.* They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit-

tance. Musicke make their welcome.

*Luc.* You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd,

*Ape.* Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.